THE

Annual OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

1939

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In memory of our favorite classes, in small return for his unfailing understanding and for his friendship which we sought after more than praise, we dedicate this Annual to

OTIS PHILBRICK

and we count the hours we spent with him as sadly gone; for we found him always gracious, always young in heart, a gentleman and an artist and our most beloved teacher.

"The Yellow Slicker"
by Otis Philbrick

Foreword

NOW that we have made a book of our own, and our thoughts have been published, we feel a certain embarrassed kinship with all the words of the world that have been printed since Gutenberg. Now the great books seem close to haunt us, the fat precious volumes, the bookworm holes and calfskin bindings, the intoxicating words, the fair white margins. We consider how bright they are, how shining, how incomparably exciting. And we feel abashed that we have asked the great deft presses to turn again in our behalf. Our pictures are not by Doré, neither is the writing by Thoreau; we feel it keenly. And yet perhaps all may be forgiven for that our excuse was the ancient undeniable one that we wanted to be known of all men, that we too desired to live forever.

This yearbook, then, is the story of our class, the record of our golden days in the intimate close-packed detail of autobiography. If we hope at the same time to tell the larger story of life in an art school, it can only be as we succeed in this particular tale of our class. Before you who read can picture the general life you must first see us in faithful replica, our clubs and teachers and enthusiasms. When we are only names remembered dimly, when all that remain to speak for us are these stiff words across the page, these silent photographs of us who were never still, you must yet divine our pulse of life. You must see how we spent our heart and brain on history notebooks and anatomical diagrams, how we watched the sun slant across the dark noon of assemblies, how we never could decide between cathedrals and coffee-ads. These things are blurred and fragrant in our memories now, and shining like a high light, but nothing is lost or diminished. And if we should ask one last favor of our faculty, it would be that they and all they stood for might never change; that forever Nofretete might be held in honor; that the old stories might be told over again and again.

CHARLES EDWARD NEWELL

President M.S.A., State Director of Art Education

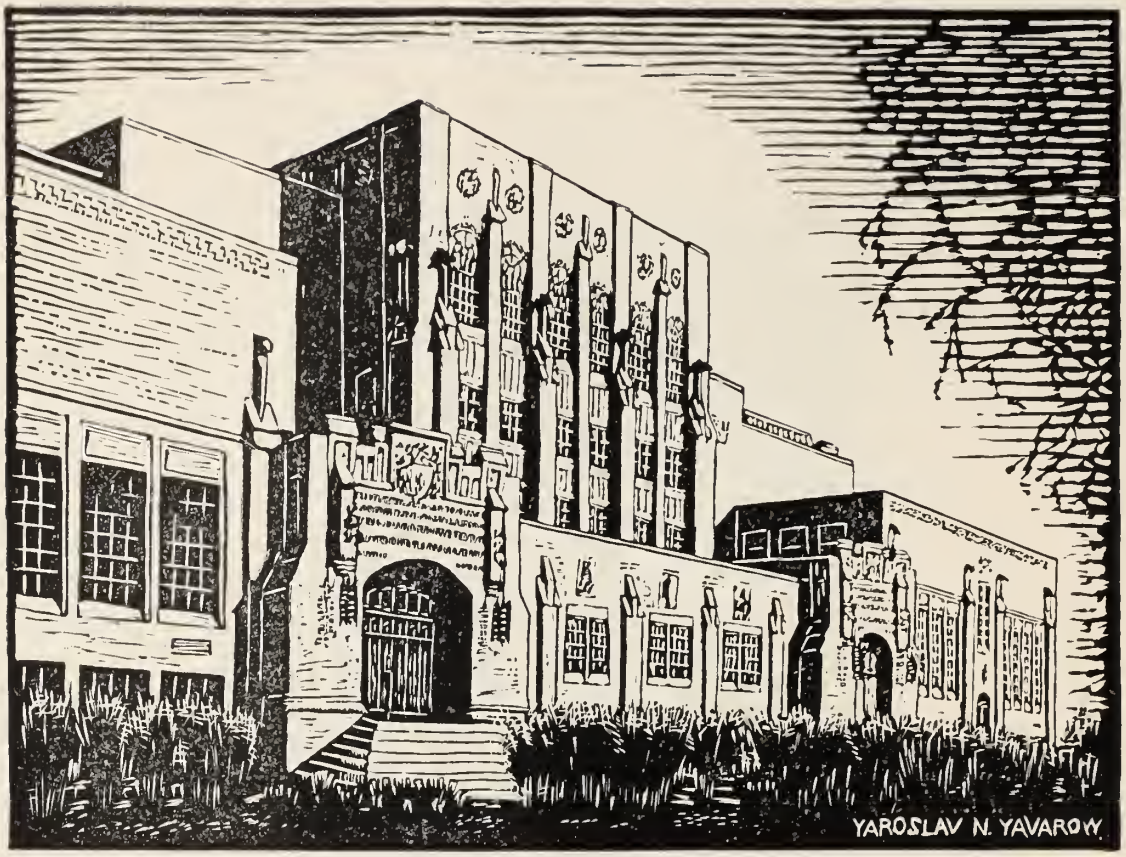
The delicate task of maintaining the spirit of our school against the tide of restless and uncertain years is President Newell's. With pageants and by-laws, medals and mascots, and the myriad delicate threads of custom he binds each class to the school tradition. It is thus, by his constant devotion to the details of the scene, that the ordered graciousness of traditional Boston has been made to flower here.

MARY EDNA MURRAY

Dean and Registrar

Miss Murray, we suspect, enjoys us artists, our bewildering shortcomings and enthusiasms. We take a characteristic pleasure in her stimulation, too. She surprises our conservatism with corsages and metallic gleams. She organizes us into orchestras and angel hosts for pageants.

But more than that, an attractive affability is hers which eases our fears, as she champions us against all comers.



FRANK L. ALLEN

Head of Design Department

By the golden voice of his enthusiasm and the power of his magic eye, Mr. Allen holds us spellbound. He looks very knowing at our bright excuses, for he remembers how all the old ones became good ones in time, and he has hopes of us. A knock at his red-hung office door calls forth his sounding, eternally inviting "Come!"

J. MACE ANDRESS

Psychology

A perfect example! His thorough enjoyment of living reflects in his appearance, in his classroom, and in his lectures. Dr. Andress receives our interested but often unappreciative attention. But his disarming, cheery smile assures us that the "battlefield of life" is worth the good fight.

ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

Elementary Drawing, Oil Painting

Some influences strike as a tornado, instantaneously, powerfully, dynamically—invariably fleeting! Another influence, stronger, more enduring in its simplicity and gentleness, steals into our living, giving inspiration, confidence, faith. In Miss Buckingham we discover this "pearl of great price." Her quiet charm, sincerity, and sensitive discrimination testify that "deepest rivers flow with the least sound."

THERON I. CAIN

Elementary Drawing, Instrumental Drawing, Civic Art, Perspective

Efficiently, punctually, and accurately, Mr. Cain performs his many duties in our school. We secretly envy his varied interests, whether they are testing art materials, making art aptitude scales, or writing a book on the psychology of color. In spite of ourselves we admire his orderly existence in a near chaos.

ARTHUR CORSINI

Water-Color Painting

Gay groups, green glassware and gradations! Though rather new to the faculty, he has lost no time in becoming firmly established in our respect. No lengthy discourses, no glib speeches, but, rather, unassuming, shy statements meet our water-color problems and suddenly we realize he's summed up our difficulty neatly and concisely.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

Modeling

There are few golden words left unsaid for our own "Cyrus the Great," for his genius, kindliness and wondrous wisdom have left a lasting impression on many a class. Horses, clay, and calipers! He is truly a rare combination of great artist, teacher, and fine man, mellowed with a searching understanding of the great puzzle — art.

GENEVIEVE B. FAIRFIELD

Costume Design

Her air of assurance and self-confidence, her business ability and poise, and the zest with which she attacks the problem at hand are an inspiration to the entire class. Her youth and well-groomed appearance go hand in hand with a great capacity for hard work and helpful instruction.

GEORGE F. FITZGIBBONS

Sociology

A new teacher with a complete understanding of all our sociological and social problems. A man for whom we would forego our rest periods, but who insists that he needs them. His dynamic lectures, punctuated by a subtle sense of humor, are of never-ending interest to us.

MARTHA M. FLINT

Costume Design, Pattern Drafting

Endless patience and limitless good nature characterize our sewing teacher. No matter how short the allotted time, there's never too much to do when Miss Flint is supervising. Good company and plenty of activity abound in her room, for her glowing personality creates an atmosphere friendly to all.

PATRICK GAVIN

Artistic Anatomy, Life Drawing and Painting, Perspective

He is apt to seize a brush and put a blue high light in just the place that you loved most, which makes people mutter. But Mr. Gavin, defending his gods, is a man inspired, enabled and, to us, glorious, like a small eager boy or Napoleon with the divine light of conviction in his eye.

E. WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Figure Drawing, Still Life Painting and Composition

With his countless gadgets, to help our incompetent eyesight in seeing "color, position and shape," Mr. Hamilton divulges the mysteries of the great art of oil painting. Although it's more of a mystery as to what possibilities lie in a dusty pile of "stuff,"—well, we can get around any obstacle with a warm or cool fringe.

EDWIN A. HOADLEY

Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Drawing, Composition

Echoes of Aladdin—a veritable "Information Please" that covers the answer to the problems of an antique fancier as well as the creating of a mountain scene in two deft strokes of chalk. Mr. Hoadley's classes are harmoniously balanced with bits of buffoonery, spontaneous puns and a diversified knowledge of the world.

ALBERT S. KENDALL

Architecture, Perspective

About the third week of his course, we wonder how the problems can become any more complicated, but Mr. Kendall never lets us down. He casts shadows of doubt and confusion over us, and then projects his hearty chuckle and clears our jumble of questionable lines with the ease of a master, "like so."

EMMA PORTER LENNON

Design

Given a genuine sympathizer with us "unconventionals" —add an exotic personality with an inexhaustible enthusiasm for work—flavor with designs full of feeling, rhythm, and good line schemes—mix thoroughly with a warm breeze from an Hawaiian shore—and you have Miss Lennon.

ERNEST L. MAJOR

Composition, Still Life Drawing and Painting, Figure Drawing

The "grand old man" entertains us with convincing contortion and the work of real old masters. Then one day the lion lies down for the lamb and his soul embraces ours; he smiles benignly at us above his safety pins and we worship the great ones together.

LAURIN H. MARTIN

Metal Crafts

With speed that exceeds even that of his new Oldsmobile, Mr. Martin genially intersperses our enameling of bowls and soldering of rings with intriguing bits of his experiences; his prolonged stay in England, his cross-country trek, or his reactions to the Bruins-Rangers hockey game.

ELIZABETH McDERMOTT

English Composition and Literature, Constitutional History

Considerate of our differences, appreciative of our personalities, Miss McDermott listens to our prodigious plans and ideas with the careful courtesy of another age; she might have been straight out of Jane Austen, listening to the curate over the gentle clink of teacups. She escapes being taken for a student only by appearing a shade too neat.

ELLA MUNSTERBERG

Art History, Current Arts

Lavish in the coining of words, Miss Munsterberg asks us questions which would not "break any one's head as to memory," and tells us what she means by a "really gay" time. We walked into her enchanted class only yesterday and came out reluctantly today, with a tangle of precious names in our heads, our curiosity unappeased.

LEO O'DONNELL

Life Drawing, General Illustration

He flourishes his cape at dullness, and masks with an Edward Winsor eyebrow an ability to sense the broadness of things, to decline without denouncing, and support, as beautiful, theories which he does not believe,—most charming of men to please, most difficult to deceive, and as terrible as a guilty conscience.

PHILIP O. PALMSTROM

Design and Drawing

Continually yet kindly striving to bring out the best in us, Mr. Palmstrom affords us an incomparable layout for success. He always enjoys a pun, is never too busy to teach us how to be healthy on twenty-four hours of lettering a day, and he has one worried frown reserved especially for yearbook material.

OTIS A. PHILBRICK

Head of Drawing and Painting Department

Like a lean gray shadow he chastens us gently and makes an art of teaching so that one asks, "How did he do it?" not knowing when the word was spoken, or by what instinct, that put the sun at our shoulder and marked the end of one day and the beginning of another.

LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

Crafts

Loquacious, busy and sincere, our Miss Phillips always leaves us a bit breathless and flustered. But from amid the chaos arises work worthy of master craftsmen. She gives us a wealth of information in an unbelievably short time and inspires us to become more facile.

RAYMOND A. PORTER

Head of Modeling Department

We see him, as stolid and reliable as his casts and bronzes, a wonderful combination of infinite wisdom and experience, discoursing masterfully upon art, sculpture, and man; with genial, unruffled good humor, he enjoys to the *n*th degree each flicker of a Disney cartoon as well as the humorous frailties of mankind.

MARY M. RUGG

Costume Advertising and Illustration

Mrs. Rugg, our dependable adviser, always has the latest advertising news for her receptive and eager students. She keeps our spirits buoyant with her peppy enthusiasm and ability to see the humorous side of all situations. Her desire to have us succeed breeds restless impatience with slackers and tolerance and guidance for the earnest.

FRED J. THOMPSON

Elementary Drawing, Color Harmony, Design

In the room by the stairs where the harried seek his sane care of comfort, "Tommy" regards with raised eyebrows, but not surprise, our perpetually benighted state. He is always hopefully waiting for someone to ask a professional question; and while we are trying desperately to think of one, he absently tosses us some wise and useful ends of thought.

EFFIE B. WHITTET

Librarian, Library Methods

Mrs. Whittet's magnetic personality draws hordes to her inner and outer sanctum. We think of her as the human curer of mental and physical ills. A chat with her is always refreshing—but doesn't she fume when the elevator is stuck between two floors!

AMY R. WHITTIER

Head of Teacher Training Department

A person possessed of boundless energy who inspires us in our chosen work. Efficient, capable and charming, she rightfully claims the utmost respect of her satellites, the struggling "teacher trainers." Miss Whittier greets all unreservedly with a cheery "good morning" and admits us at any time to the charming office which reflects her so truthfully.

ISABELLA T. DAMRELL

School Secretary

Quiet, efficient, with shy twinkling humor, everything moves smoothly under her guidance. Her personal interest in all Massachusetts Art is deep and loyal. Her memory is unfailing and at any hour of the day she will tell us where Mr. Newell is, when he will return, and if he will be too busy to see us.

RUTH M. McELROY

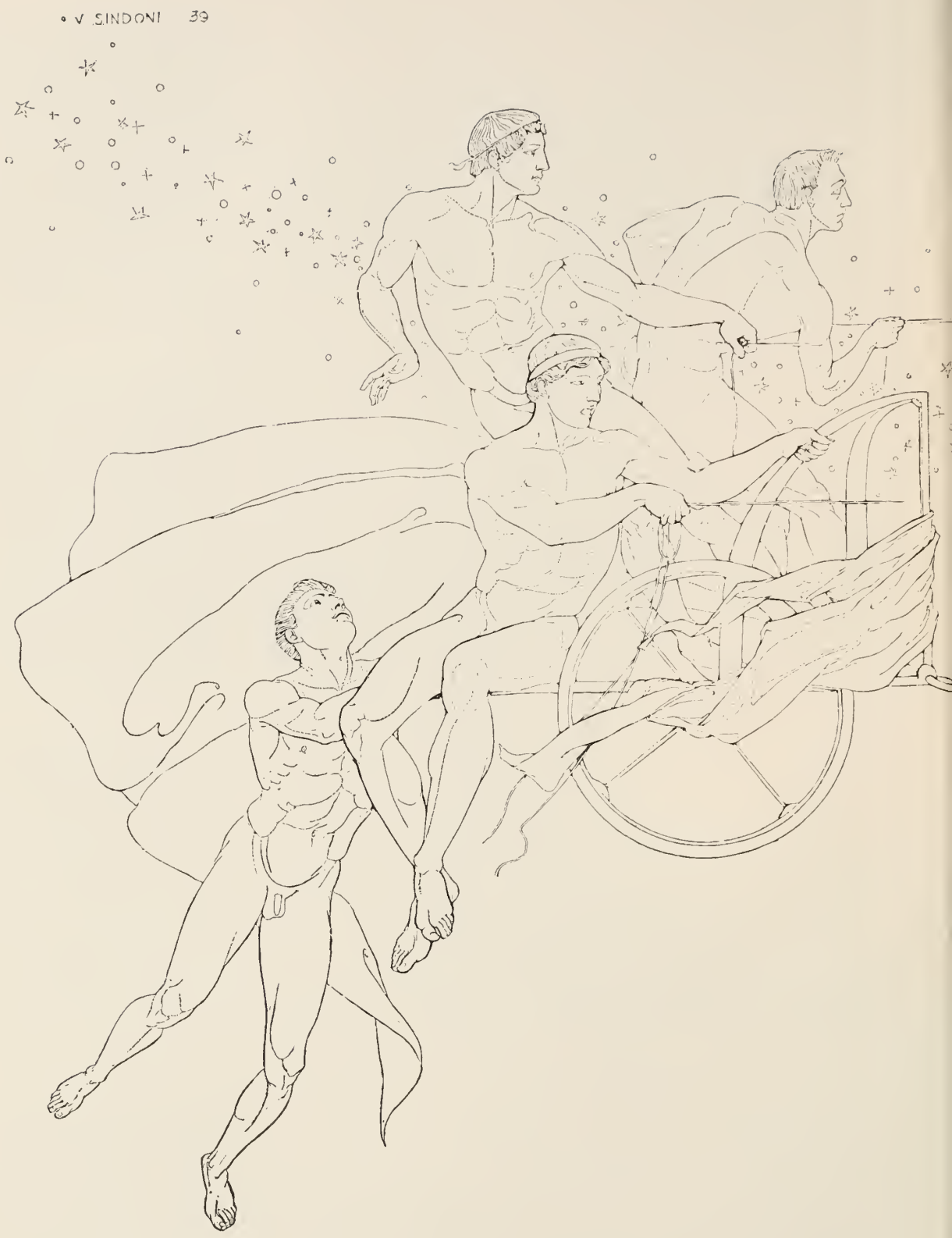
Dean's Clerk

No awful ogre at the office door bars the way to the dean, but a smiling little lady eager to help, whether the question be "What class is Mary Jones in now?" or "M-m-may I see the dean?" There's a cheery word and a smile for all who enter her domicile.

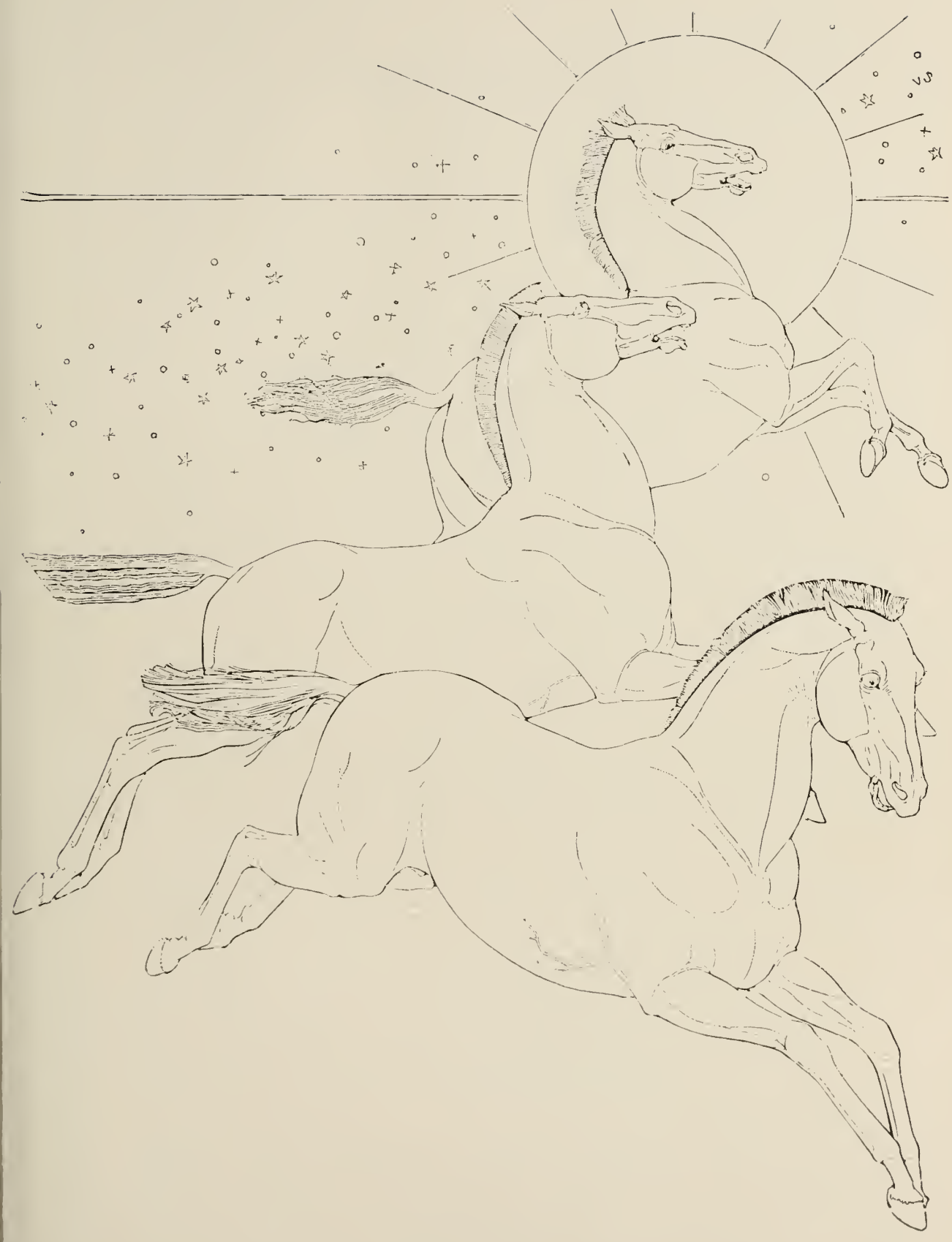
MARGARET C. WOLAHAN

Bookkeeper

Our reliance in time of trouble; when we lose something, we go to Miss Wolahan; when we want something, we go to Miss Wolahan. She is always ready with the sympathy and help that smooths out our difficulties. Her patience is infinite; at the end of a long day, she can still smile at the last distraught student wildly searching for a missing triangle.



THE CLASS OF NINETEEN



The Senior Class

WE always intended, when the time came to tell our story, to write a simple history of our progress from Smock Day to Commencement. It was to describe how we gradually laid down our early fallacies and took up lasting truths and principles; and it might have been a useful gift and guide to coming classes. But we were plainly not the class to write it. We have never advanced with any annual regularity. Our pilgrim journey has been without a beginning and without an end, as intricate and roundabout as a Victorian wallpaper. We are still engaged upon it; our years have run together, and we are even now innocently discovering great guiding principles of life and the use of poster paint that we forgot when we were sophomores, vowing the same resolutions, arguing the old questions. Our story is as much a present indicative as a history, a confession of the faiths we have sometimes mislaid but never outgrown.

And if we have been always voyaging, never arriving, if we have traveled a great way around to reach our original starting point, we have at least seen far lands and many strange delights. On dark winter afternoons, as if to prove *the poetry of earth is never dead,* we used to ride past our street-car stop deep in the nineteenth century British poets. The castles and the cypress and the damsels richly clad rose up before us in unending splendor, English firelight mingled with Italian sunlight, the red roses of Omar shone like a dayspring; and for all that they were dead, long dead, for all their yearnings after yesterday which made them seem twice old, the poets floated back to us miraculously young and eager.

We discovered Boston, walked up and down her streets by day and night, in snow and sunshine. We knew the lamplit gloom of Bates Hall, we fed the ducks on Muddy River, we went down to paint the tulips gravely nodding in the grass by General Washington's horse. Our way led past the State House dome

and thick-set Trinity, past bargain basements and ancient graveyards. We stared into bookstore windows and beyond the harbor, and we could never see far enough and wide enough. We stood in museum rooms where the years fell back to Spain of 1400 or Restoration England; we looked at blackened wood and gleaming silver, glass and stone and amber, rows of Greek vases, walls of French paintings; and we chose our favorites as carefully as buyers. Then there were movies that afforded us, more than entertainment, the secret pleasures of disguise. Whenever we sat in a theatre we were no longer artists, no longer even of Boston, but dark and nameless symbols, part of an audience. We saw fewer plays, and they were sharp and bright to remember like a painting; but the movies were a long procession, gray and hazy, a continual superimposition of familiar faces and settings and gestures. We had each some purely private classics, like "Smilin' Thru" or "The Unfinished Symphony," that we loved so well and saw so often we could turn them on in our minds and see them over from beginning to end as often as we chose.

And of course we read books all the time, passionately discovered the Russians and the Transcendentalists, Thomas Wolfe and G. K. Chesterton; and it was often one of these instead of an assigned author that spoke to us most clearly. The Lippis and the Memmis and the Della Robbias, the Guelfs and the Ghibellines were a darkly beautiful undertone, while we could plainly hear the sighing in the shrub oaks and the glassy tinkling of the weeds where Thoreau was walking with the emerald fires of spring already burning in his head. No one could tell what might capture and lay hold of our imagination. We were easily moved by a figure of speech. We collected quotations and gloated in private over the shining words. And in time we used them all; they found their way into English themes and history notebooks, into headlines and slogans; we used them over and over, so that any one watching might have traced our progress and accurately placed our literary periods. And while we made intellectual conquests the days were running on in the world outside. We noticed newspaper headlines like a dream within a dream. We saw Hitler rise to power and heard Edward abdicate. We read

the new *Life* magazine every week, faithfully enlarging our horizon. Everything we did and saw in our four years, however removed, was an essential part of our school life; the forsythia and tulips, the rest periods, the dim white statues of our school are inseparably entangled in them all,—in the movies and the books and the museums as well as in the prescribed Don Quixotes and Munsell color charts.

So in our usual fashion we have come to the end of the story without having nearly finished. We have made no mention of a hundred influences. We can only gratefully acknowledge that there was provided here in generous measure enough for all our eighty-two and more separate imaginations. There were perspective and portraits, there were painters like Picasso and Da Vinci, there were stoicisms and idealisms, there were arts and crafts, there were ways of life and means of living; there was the whole world for us to choose from.

—Susan T. Richert

Harriet Ross, SECRETARY *Mary Kittredge*, VICE-PRESIDENT
Panos Ghikas, TREASURER *Lorne Craig*, PRESIDENT

The Cimabue Madonna

A PAGEANT

At the dawn of the Renaissance in the year one thousand two hundred and eighty, the people of Florence with rapture and acclaim carry the newly finished Madonna of Cimabue through the streets of their city to the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

To the wondering eyes of the worshipping throng there appear visions of those sacred mysteries of the faith—The Annunciation and The Nativity.

THE SPIRIT of the thirteenth century permeated our Christmas assembly when, as if in reincarnation, Cimabue's "Madonna" was once again presented in glorious pageantry at the altar of the great cathedral in Florence.

With the gathering of the monks, all sombre and reverent, the noise and bustle of our highly mechanized life lifted, and before us lay the Florentine beauty of ages past.

In the opening procession, Florentine maidens scattered flowers on the path to be taken by the high priest, the royalty of Florence, with its large retinue, and the general populace. Dazzling robes of that era added special dignity to the procession, but the authenticity of the celebration was confirmed by a youth who carried at the end of the throng Cimabue's painting of the "Madonna."

All in impressive pantomime the painting was presented at the altar and lifted high, accompanied by a solemn chant at the beginning and followed by choral music which gradually ascended to the exultant strains of "Salve Regina." According to tradition, because of the breath-taking beauty and spiritual quality of the sacred painting, a miracle revealed the Holy Virgin as she appeared in the scene of the nativity. The mystical setting for this scene created a sheer artistic beauty as well as a spiritual inspiration; and commanded the silent admiration of the audience.

—CONSTANCE TOCHER

It is equally worthy of mention to say that Mr. Porter, one of our greatly admired instructors, was the author of our Christmas pageant. Assisting him with the general settings and action was Dean Murray and Mr. Thompson, and the entire costuming was executed by Miss Flint. Our new Glee Club and Orchestra director, Mr. Theodore Marier, very successfully turned our musical group into an angel chorus.

DRAWING

PAINTING

1939

DRAWING AND PAINTING

THERE HAVE BEEN eighteen of us together for a year. And these eighteen have made up the society which we have so immensely enjoyed,—the poorness of the jokes, and the wealth of laughter they received, the punning mornings, the morning after Jack Benny, which was also the morning after Flagstad, and just the morning after,—Ruth's tall tale against Pete's observing quietness and Iris's quick, "Oh goodness," the colorful against the solid and pastel of us; there was a world of contrasts, and there were friends for all. Some of us were jocund and some were petulant, Spring flourished at our windows and then Winter still lay heavily outside. From the fall's beginning to the summery end of classes we can remember the beginning on each Monday morning, hope in the hearts of all of us, and the ending each late Friday when it seemed as though that little room of souls must sit upon the painty floor and weep,—until now we must leave when the days have grown thick and heavy and in the summer's full bloom. This was the immortal panorama of our days. It seems to us now as though this year can never fade, will never merge into the general golden blur. We can look back on other years that were quite like this,—all of our days here. There are a few things that are novel,—that Sindoni doesn't whistle any more and that Midge is going to Bermuda and will never celebrate the Fourth of July again,—but most of them have to do with our room. There was a more than ordinary bond between us, here where we came and waited for the miracle to be performed upon us, and the room was always at least full of the wonder that men feel a compulsion to learn to do some little thing, and labor more than for the moment to give back a common knowledge made unprecedented by their touch. It will seem strange to leave the room where we have so lately cleared away our last party. It took so many shapes and guises until at last we hung the green burlap curtain in front of the door and placed chairs for our friends and pillowed the divan and crowded our easels around the model stand. Eighteen of us were here together for a year, in bond of fortune and the wings of men, the green curtain and the pursuing seasons. We painted through each sunny morning and on the gray days by their rainy light. And somehow we lapped into a class although we had seemed quite as unjoinable as quicksilver. There was always the awareness that one day we would separate, and once upon our private ways would hardly come

together again, so we turned at rest periods to an intensified company. After painting hard at a canvas, we seem to see all colors more brightly, not because the day has changed, but because we look at them differently. Now we look up from our theses and our own futures, and we see our friends burnished and in shining colors.

—Beatrice Holmes

SHOGHER BAGHDOYAN

First there was dark-eyed laughter-brimming Shogher who made of quietness an act of gracious charm, filling an unobtrusive place with friendliness and industry. To some of us after four years she was still a wild surmise . . . the books that she had read . . . her suddenly amazing beauty . . . that she would enjoy being a biologist.

DOROTHY BROOKS

There was Dolly who recalled to mind French studio days in the old story way, black-stockinged days and dancing in the night. About her we wove a legend, with a prince out of the white unicorns of things we did not know, and gave it a happy ending. Dolly, we said wisely, is going to be a painter.

MARJORIE COLLINS

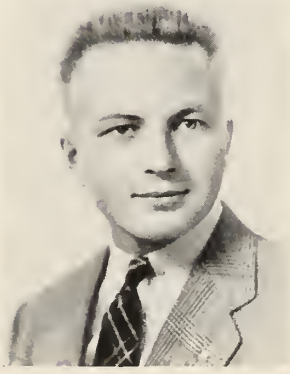
And then there was the Collins, the inestimable Collins, demanding our troubles, confronting us with our talents, announcing our inherent good intentions,—for in pure friendship we were affronted and our souls stripped bare. But we loved it, Marge. These things were strange to us, but they were more generous than anything we knew.

WINIFRED COSTANZA

We liked to look at Winnie, dark and rich and deep red and glowing, and greeting us with a smile, always so capable, collected and serene,—painting really seriously in class, doing outside etchings, but quick when the week-ends came to get out and away for her fun.

JEAN DAY

There was Jean to meet us with her home work under her arm, candor upon her lips; but under a semblance of child-like-ness a dark purpose had its way. Work blossomed in the night, and each minute was remembered and no trust betrayed. Through flood and snow and beckoning of spring day, Jean always met the deadline.



JOHN DOROZYNSKI

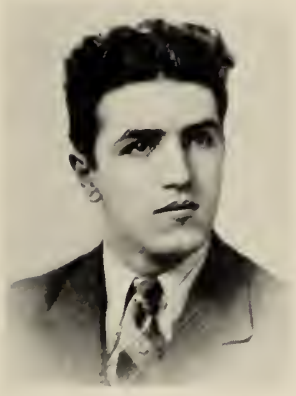
There was big, blond, agreeable, easy Dorozynski from the apartment of so many fabulous tales, critique of the funny radio programs, wielding a powerful compressed charcoal. He was one of a company which has often maddened us, with sudden bursts of conversation and a fund of jokes to raise the hair of any but the whiffle-headed.

IRIS FEDERICO

And somewhat later Iris would come in, for in the late mornings her ideas were ready and she came and told them to us and they were good and we did as she suggested,—poor Iris always chasing yesterday; generous Iris giving us all she had of time and food and money and excitement.

BERNARD FLINTON

Also having eaten one of Ma's weirdly reported breakfasts or maybe something that he brewed himself, Ben was one of those who sometimes told us how they ate for one week on a buck. But he seemed to have the strength to paint black striking paintings, for biting etchings, and for entertaining certain ladies.



PANOS GHIKAS

When the discussion grew more heated Ghikas would put in a short word for no edges, exploding with laughter at a pun and scowling darkly at an interruption. Jerky, black-browed, dogged, Pete did good ones,—like diaries always making a fresh start. *You tell 'em, Ghikas.* Ghikas says it's all right.

RUTH GOTTBERG

And then there was, for a refreshing paradox, in complete contradiction, there was Ruth, who incredibly combined an aspect of cold marble beauty with a hot exhibition of trucking, dancing her defiance, varying to sudden warmth,—from a gorgeous sense of humor to a wary distrust and an unreserved denunciation of the sentimental.

BEATRICE HOLMES

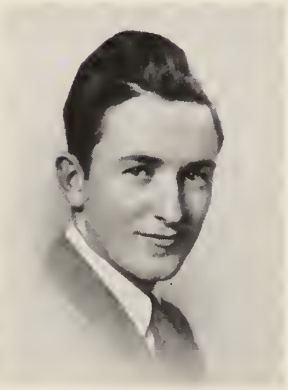
There was Bea arriving hot or frozen on her bicycle, to paint too hard or not at all. She took a dictionary to bed and a great hunger to her heart, and tried to write with a pen with a plume; and she burned her candle at both ends and her work still smelled of the lamp.

MARY KITTREDGE

There was big, beautiful, blond Mary, deeply engrossed in many things,—the Symphony and skiing and tracking down type-faces and sailing in the summer and reading widely, to whom with wisdom Mr. Major told the Parable of the Talents,—for when Mary handed in the problem it was of professional caliber.

YVONNE NEAL

There was Yvonne and her blond and silver drawings who blushed the Puritan in us, asking the question that is never asked, with laughter at the abashed moment,—but tweaking our doubts of things we had dumbly believed true, and starting our wonder at things that we had never dreamed of.



WILLIAM O'CONNOR

Like a small lively bottle of good spirits or a buoyant cork, Oaky soberly engineered large canvases in concentrated effort, but was always ready when rest periods came to chin or dance or wrestle; if he had worries, and we suspect he must have, he never let us know it.

HARRIET ROSS

Deep in some embattling discussion we would find Harriet, with passionate denunciations and enthusiasms,—always ready to catch up the torch, as Dorothy Parker said, and burn someone with it; to defend the persecuted and struggle for justice, and strong in her likes, loving etchings printed black on white, sharp as the taste of lemon.

VICTOR SINDONI

Sindoni of the inflexible muse taking his greatest pleasure in the most uncompromising mediums and producing linoleum cuts of incredible perfection,—this was our sturdiest individualist. He came in, so he said, for relaxation after the press of work at home,—campaigning his paintings along an ordered march, and never quite discouraged about his whistle.

DAVID SNOW

Smooth, agreeable David whirled the confusing possibilities of each new problem into a neat ball of spun stuff; David never saw his work pile up in front of him, never got himself into a state of mind. Somehow when he swung out of the school he had the air of one about to succeed at something.

SHIRLEY THOMSON

And finally Shirley, of hardier temper and ruddier laughter,—there was about her a felt generosity of mind. There was a broad horizon to her painting and a largeness about her woodcuts,—Shirley of quick decisions and of many interests, hoping, and with our hopes too, for many symphonies and operas.

LIBBY ROSE

GENERAL DESIGN

THERE WAS A TIME when we did not know Bodoni and had never heard of plastics, but we have half forgotten those old days except that they seemed dreamily composed of axial balances and architecture and all-over patterns. Probably then we used to walk down the street and into a store as calmly as any one else, read the signs and look at the bargains. But today we know Bodoni, even Ultra-Bodoni Bold, and we have heard of half a hundred kinds of plastics; we look appraisingly up and down at window displays, examine color combinations, and guess at type faces. We see patterns and layouts and proportions in everything we look at. Our professional self-consciousness is like a spell laid on us so that we can never again see signs, but only lettering; never merchandise, but packages and textures.

We were a strange sort of class. We met in corridors and locker rooms and over lunchroom and library tables far more than in a classroom. We came hurrying in from days of exile where to each one at his solitary desk or dining-room table had come only the common tie of the daily newspaper and the bond of the radio,—opera for lettering, swing for layout, Lights Out for the seventh maddening background wash. And then we held the showing of the work, like a Paris opening. There was the school of thought that very firmly refused to show its work, there was the cult that hung its head and murmured, "Oh, it's awful," and only needed to be coaxed, and there were the ingenuous ones who waved portfolios from afar and volunteered a little eagerly, "Mm, I finished it. You want to see it?" We were always talking shop. We checked up minutely on the progress of each other's lamps and billboards and interiors. We knew a good piece of lettering when we saw it, and we were always looking for one. In the library we took to ourselves the Advertising Annuals and Modern Packagings. We pored over Gebrauchsgraphiks, we bought up old Fortunes and collected great piles of lettering and layouts. We privately considered ourselves, of all the departments, the hardest working.

But when, in a protracted rest period or a life class morning, we gathered in groups to stare out the window at the street below or watch the streaming rain like Christmas tinsel or run to see the fire engines, when we set off in a body to get a drink of water and look in on the way at the D.P.'s and the T.T.'s like going to the zoo, then

our conversation flowered suddenly and we talked of books and plays and people and music. Our words spilled over in our fierce haste, for although we had no genius for getting together and our common talk was of shop, we were strangely delighted, like children, with each other's words and thoughts. It is all running down now. We gather less and less frequently, fewer and fewer of us, to show work and compare movies. We look more and more abstracted, even the lightest heart among us has heard the word "job." Soon it will be all over, but it will never be finally ended, for, however we may be separated, as often as Jack Benny shall say, "Jello again," and whenever the cock crows for "Information Please," we will be together as we always were.

—Susan T. Richert.

HELEN BELKIN

Our "Bingy" of the impetuous eye, quick to love and swift to scorn—through thick and thin she drew like Belkin, exchanged philosophies of life with Mr. Palmstrom, saying, "I worked all night . . . from seven to nine." She enjoyed her life. Toned as the Aztec colors in her designs . . . incomparably wiser and more sophisticated than the rest of us.

JOHN CHISM

An athletic figure untangles its legs and sure enough it's Jack—an amiable grumbler, moving in slow casual fashion—enjoys a day off, has a special dislike of girlish chatter and gossip and doesn't believe in careers for girls, entertains us with morning-after excerpts from "Lights Out" and a Zombi laugh of his own invention.

PHYLLIS DILLON

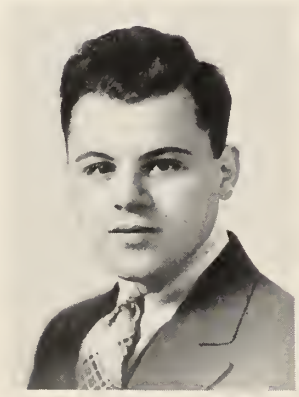
An expert singer and whistler, comes down from the wilds of Lawrence trilling bits of classical music . . . no popular songs, please . . . taffy colored hair in a top-knot, peaches and cream complexion. She likes Mr. Major and can get along with any one, apparently never worries.

LOUISE ELLIS

Firm convictions and a determination to stand by them. Standing room at the opera is a weakness, especially when Ezio Pinza is concerned. Has an honest appreciation of the cultural, ability to keep one jump ahead of the class, a gay optimism and casual nonchalance, a flair for peasant design,—intensely interested in her profession.

HAZEL FRANKENTHAL

Listening with wide-eyed wonder to other peoples' worries, wondering how they keep from worrying more, —a grown-up little girl, hiding under the mushroom of modesty . . . little known outside the classroom and the library . . . a midget in stature but tall in virtue, two pictures in a locket, quiet and independent.



JOSEPH GALLO

A knack for getting along with people, incredibly soft eyes and long lashes, bright clothes . . . dry bits of humor, biting snatches of conversation, a tease,—but you always come back for more . . . always a unique viewpoint, a talent and original ideas and the patience and industry to put them over.

ELEANOR GUNTHER

"Wait-ll I tell you!" A little-girl wistfulness in lavender and lace . . . and we can always tell by Betty's face whether the fortunes of the Debs of Rhythm are up or down; likes to get in a corner with Bingy and rave about swing; we suspect she loves her trumpet more than her drawing board.

KATHLEEN MARTIN

A good pal, extremely neat, joint defender with Ruthie of the Martin family; happy-go-lucky disposition, Kay has her troubles repressing Weezie . . . a coy smile and hair like sea-waves . . . earnest in purpose with a determination that makes things happen, dogged conscientiousness, and doesn't "Who wants to go to the movies?" sound familiar?

RUTH MARTIN

Lustrous black hair and mile-a-minute rate of speech, especially when flustered . . . millions of curls and the latest hair-do . . . "Say, kids, you know what?" . . . talking to the faculty, giggling at the slightest provocation, changeable moods, a strong taste for red,—always busy and yet always worried about not being busy.

MARGARET O'BRIEN

Generous and tolerant, but has no patience with insincerity . . . likes dogs . . . "Oh dear!" . . . tendency to worry over the unimportant, upon occasion pert and cocky, safe from the menace of nicotine . . . "Don't you think this color is too bright for me?" . . . tells intriguing fortunes with cards for the curious in the lunchroom.

SUSAN RICHERT

Peggy Bacon on a bicycle,—well-informed and clever,—Susan specializes in sly witticisms accompanied by a downcast glance and a tightening of the lips—does assignments the night before, which turn out to be masterpieces of commercial design—wears ankle socks the year 'round—*Aha*, "*the great Richert!*"

HOPE RIETSCHLIN

Fawn-colored hair with never a strand out of place . . . gentlewoman . . . gracious . . . old-fashioned charm of Beth in "Little Women" . . . rose-petal complexion, effective management of her time, subtle colors and delicate drawings, beautiful blue eyes, advertising designs with decorative lines and initial letters,—keeps all her work incredibly neat.

LIBBY ROSE

Smoldering, darkly beautiful, calm and poised sometimes,—sometimes restless as a child,—"Oh, Tommy, what'll I do now?" . . . plaid coat trimly belted, fond of gay, bright colors, pastel angora sweaters and luscious colored skirts . . . sometimes late in getting an idea started, but when she does;—Textiles! Trips to New York!

HAROLD ROSENBLOOM

A deceptive air of complete indifference, but we suspect he is both dreamy and enormously ambitious,—a bashful hitch of the eyebrow, wary of girls, appreciates his own puns . . . calm independence, air-brush and cigarettes, penetrating glances, never flustered or upset . . . a business-man's designer,—conscious of psychology and appeals, reasoning approaches.

LEONARD SANSONE

"Lennie" coming down the corridor with a "who-me?" look and his hair in his eyes,—does pretty good "stuff," too,—even we admit it,—and think he'll make a real commercial artist. "That two weeks' problem?" he said. "I'll dash it off tonight and write my thesis in the morning." And he almost did.

RUTH TORREY

Our other Ruth, tall and capable in tailored clothes with a pretty, old-fashioned cameo face,—engaged in making dummies for greeting cards on the outside and looking successful already . . . accomplishes an amazing amount of work overnight and unlike most of us keeps on working when she gets in school.

LOUISE WALLS

That infectious smile will get her places . . . many of her hours are spent in commuting . . . a peanut-butter sandwich and potato chip addict . . . "Weezie" gets all her work done up in a hurry and has lots of time to think up little schemes to keep our lives from ever getting dull . . . "What's playing at the Bijou?"

FLORENCE WHARTON

A thing of beauty absently worrying while Ruthie chatters, "And, my dears, you should have seen Florence *then* . . ." Possessor of the rare and profitable ability to concentrate on the matter at hand . . . restful as the calm sea . . . artistic but not arty . . . a good listener . . . a flair for decorative drawings and professional water colors.

E. Wallin

COSTUME DESIGN

THE REALM OF Fashion is a fantastic, changing stage where professional designers and illustrators act their part to satisfy that whimsical audience, the well-dressed population, which clamors for variety and spice and individuality in its wearing apparel. Now after four years of rehearsing our script, we are prepared to take our stand behind the footlights, perhaps to hold the center of the stage, or only an obscure corner.

There are those among us who will join with the audience and, from their four years' training, become better judges and keener critics to support only the best productions from our Fashion Stage. Some of us will answer the lure of New York and Hollywood, or the desire for further studies in Paris; others will find the right opportunities in places of lesser note.

In any case, let us understand the importance of our station, and the influence we have over our audience. We hold a power similar to that of the truly fine actor who sways the emotions of his listeners, evoking laughter or tears at will. The designer may sway the tastes of her fashionable followers with all manner of couturier's creations from the sublime to the ridiculous; the illustrator has the ability to turn even a mediocre design into a high-style composition of irresistible appeal.

Invested with these powers and talents, we must endeavor to bring to our public examples of enduring esthetic value. The most successful plays are those having universal appeal and lasting qualities; so the best designs and illustrations must have the universal appeal that brings happiness to the wearers, and the enduring quality of true beauty.

Without artistic loveliness we cannot hold our places on the professional stage of the Realm of Fashion, or bring joy and pleasure to our audience. Beauty and joy are bound together for eternity, and we may still say with Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases, it will never
Pass into nothingness."

—MARGARET MCNAMARA.

MARGUERITE BECHTEL

In '35, Becky took M. S. A. by storm with her red gold hair, flashing smile and winsome personality. We liked her then, we like her now—even if she has gone sophisticated on us. Shades of Arty Shaw, Schiaparelli and Shakespearean drama! Ooooh, isn't that yummy! . . . that's Becky.

PATRICIA CORMIER

Glamour with a capital G; Pat is always illustrating whether for class or for practice. And her drawings look as urbane as Pat herself. The girl with the shortest skirts, most arched eyebrows, and drawled sentences punctuated by "zowie" or a similar expression. Pat is always dressed to an ultimate chic.

ELEANOR FRENCH

Brown hair and brown eyes that sparkle when "Whit" is mentioned. Ellie is fast advancing in illustration and wields a skillful needle in sewing class. She tells us how it's done in Filene's, and what's new on the Cape. "Where's that ruler I just borrowed?" asks Ellie.

PRISCILLA HARTSHORN

Dramatic actress—the spice of our lives, matching ever-changing hair-do's with her ever-changing whims of personality; sweet and simple to-day, suave or sophisticated to-morrow. Her complete originality will bring her rewards for her ability to design hats. She shares her varied experiences with her roommate, Lucy, on Gainsborough Street.

IRENE LORIMER

Tall blonde with a fashion figure, Irene is our favorite model. She creates clever dress designs, about which her opinions are modest. Her helpful advice is most welcome. She is becoming increasingly self-confident, in sketch class, and a frank manner and persistent efforts are fast bringing her to the top.

JEAN MacKINNON

Petite, with winning ways, and eyes fringed with the longest of eyelashes. Sugar and spice and everything nice! Jeanie takes the audience by storm with her charm and entrancing voice, whether leading lady or fashion commentator. Her thesis is centered on brides . . . Do we hear wedding bells in August?

LORNA MARCHANT

Big blue eyes and an attractive individual hair-do. Lorna divides her time and interests between her characteristically neat school work and her plans for the future, which seem to include Arthur, the gentleman from Worcester Tech. She carries everything she does to a methodical finish—a sign of certain success.

MARGARET McNAMARA

Dark eyes and hair best set off by a gold satin background. A neat steady worker, she varies her art school interests with violin studies at the New England Conservatory. Spare moments are spent knitting mittens,—and,—say, hasn't she finished crocheting that bedspread yet?

NORA O'LEARY

"Noras" don't come along every day . . . they must have thrown away the pattern when they cut her out. Her talent as a teacher, her skill at golf, her ability to do all things well have won her an enviable reputation and a host of friends. Miss Flint's mainstay, and Jean's better half.

NINA PISCOPO

Nina's partiality to black and white combinations results in very striking dress patterns. Pageant time keeps her especially busy, for she does her part in glorifying the costumes. Her school work is neat as are the things she knits and crochets. With her self-confidence she is sure to win.

MURIEL SAIPE

Muriel joined our class from the drawing and painting division. She turns out Vogue-like illustrations with skillful facility. She arrives any old time and works spasmodically, but with a fine feeling for high style. Knowing how to make the most of her opportunities is one of Muriel's chief assets.

DOROTHY SCHUELER

Just so tall in spike heels and off-the-face hat, Dotty is the most social member of the class. Her drawings and designs reflect the spontaneity of her personality. She loves to sing and dance—especially with Bob. That's the "sparklingest" diamond we ever saw, Dotty.

LUCILLE SILVA

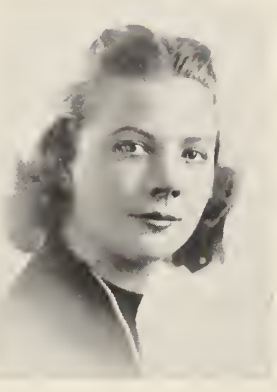
Engaging laughter and high style illustrations with plenty of zip. Lucy is a bit of a sculptress as well, and much of her spare time is spent in the modeling room. When not week-ending at her Gloucester home, she rooms with Priscilla; they form our date agency on Gainsborough Street.

EMILY STONE

Aside from her major interest in art, Emily is an ardent admirer of the drama, doing her part in our school productions. She has her struggles with pins, needles, and muslin, and Miss Flint holds her breath when Emily starts to cut. She aspires to be an ace copywriter. Best luck, Emily.

OLGA STONE

With a suave, dignified manner, Olga is the best dressed of our class. She is our dependable connection with Filene's. A diligent worker, she turns in smooth photographic wash illustrations, and equally smooth suits and dresses for sewing class. There is always a place for her fine type of workmanship.



PHYLLIS STOWELL

The perfect sport type, Philly never fails to see the humorous angle to everything. She hides clever ideas behind a saucy giggle. Her illustrations have a flippant abandon, quite individual, and most characteristic of her. Philly gets the most out of life by putting lots of enthusiasm into everything.

LOUISA THOMPSON

The light-hearted air of this most entertaining classmate is certain to mislead, for she is truly an intense and ardent worker. Her chic appearance she owes to her originality and expertness in needlecraft. Louisa's restless ambition behind her forceful paint brush will soon show us a first-class illustrator.

ESTHER WALLIN

A suave looking blonde with a naive manner and bubbling enthusiasm. The sweetest kid! Esther's flair for illustration has the class agog. Delicate water color and dry brush characterize her high style work. Her designs are just as highly individual. We're hoping for the "bestest" of the best for Esther.

ANN WEISMAN

Clear thinking, a deep loyalty for all her friends, and a helping hand for everyone at all times. Sweet yet ambitious, Ann, as those who know her, strives to become a top-notch illustrator with clever work and tireless effort, combined with business ability and a quiet sense of humor.

NORMA ST. HILAIRE

Kit's rosy cheeks and warm friendly smile bespeak the genial manner that makes her universally popular. Always particular about her appearance, she does equally neat illustrations. Whether she is destined for a career in design or illustration, she will always be admired for her depth of character.

1939
ART
ENJOYMENT

TEACHER TRAINING

IT HAS BEEN said that there is a pot of gold at the end of every rainbow. You unbelievers say "Nonsense," but we who are less skeptical are staunch in our premise, for we feel certain that this gold manifests itself in many forms more precious than tangible lucre.

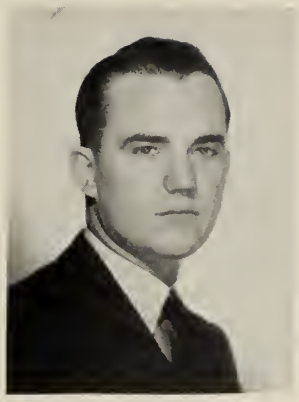
When we entered the Massachusetts School of Art as prospective art teachers, we started the slow laborious ascension of our rainbow. The stars of our career were sometimes hidden by the haze of doubt, yet assiduously we labored to cross our colorful bridge, gazed into clouds of cathedral spires, and grasped here and there a handful of stars which were to turn later into small gems of knowledge.

Now, as we reach the end of our school career, presumably the high point in our search for treasure, our pot of gold seems a little less mythical; yet as we reach out to grasp it, we find that, still eluding us, it shows that we have much more to learn, and much to experience before we can reap our reward.

Let us stand here a moment to look back in retrospect. Those forms and faces which we respected and loved, now dimly in the background, are ever urging us onward. We think of the pleasures experienced, of the troubled wearisome miles measured by our faltering footsteps; balancing the two, we suddenly discover that we are in the process of making our own gold! The fulfillment of our ambitions does depend upon us!

Dazzled with the realization that our treasure has always been within our power to grasp, we find the way even more full of pitfalls and perils. But ahead, our shining light guides us on; and as living symbols of our service, we train our hands and minds to keep only those stars which have given us the greatest inspiration. There is gold at the end of the rainbow.

—Helen Parlett.



JULIAN ARLAUSKAS

Quietly concerned with improvements,—better training and experience for those with artistic talent,—Julian sincerely looks ahead. His designs display the merit deserved by his aptitude, his professional art experiences, and his three-year training as a design student before joining us in our senior year in this department.

AUDREY BRADBURY

When one knows her, Audrey has a subtle "gingervating" charm that one cannot resist. At home with children's rhymes and marionettes. Choral speaking is another of her interests. Her colors,—blue and gold. With innocent and frank expression, she wends her way into the hearts of many.

CLARENCE BRAYTON

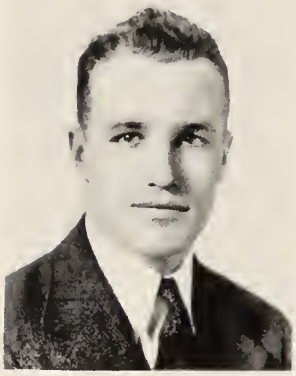
Teaching, photography, conservatism—and Clarence! After one look at a modern painting, Kipling's words ring out, "It's striking, but is it art?" Clarence just doesn't like modern art, and he is staunchly attached to all of his convictions! A certain sophomore seems to be a pleasant one of those convictions.

ELIZABETH BURTCH

A graduate of Jackson, Elizabeth follows the family precedent by teaching at the Museum. Her artistic inclination is embroidered with a flair for athletics and a knowledge of music, in which her piano playing bespeaks her competence. Simplicity of appearance and a sense of humor are her chief distinguishing characteristics.

VIRGINIA CALNAN

Our fierce, debonair punster, our writer of heavy prose and Maugham-ian poetry, has become more than anything like the rapt child at the instrument of the immortals in the Steinway ad. She left the drawing and painting class unhappily to teach, but now she has forsaken all things for Beethoven, forever.



LORNE CRAIG

With dignity and sensibility our president leads us. He manages our school store wisely and well. Penetrating through his seemingly serious self, however, is a gleaming sense of humor and a love of fun—which rivals the sparkle that is found in his water colors.

BARBARA CUE

Barbara steers forward with an unassuming manner in her own gentle way. Her calm disposition and her soft liquid voice is much like a singing brook as it goes along its quiet and merry course. This quietness contrasts pleasingly with the dash of her mellow auburn hair.

FRANCES FANNING

She writes poetry, did you know? Poetry as light and as frivolous as her graceful figure when she's dancing. "Fanny's" charm and beauty shine in her thick blue-black hair and in her blue eyes. What a welcome gift she was this year from the drawing and painting department!

HELEN FORTUNE

A good-natured shrug of her shoulders always followed the instructors' "Miss Fortune," but she will always be "Helen" to us, not a "Miss—Fortune"! So don't worry, Helen, especially with such winning ways and with so fair a face—you are bound to make the grade!

BARBARA GATES

"Gatesy" came here after two years at the Cleveland School of Art. And now we know that, without her smile, the world would turn the other way around—everything would seem upside down. She has a special charm in her expressions, her giggle, her voice, and her manner.

PHYLLIS GOVONI

"Sweetness" is the word for "Phyl" who was such a lovely madonna in our Christmas pageant. "Sweet" and clear are her thoughts; "sweet," yet firm, is her face framed by dark rippling tresses. She has a love and a talent for modeling and pottery making, recognized by all of us.

HELEN MANSFIELD

Her amusing little folk are mischievous and happy, like Helen. Just talk of pixies—then, strangely, her name is whispered about! When you're with Helen, beware! 'Cause, "The Ketchum'll getcha if you don't watch out." And remember, there's more hope for Helen—Diane always appears with the protecting words, "My room-mate!"

LAURA MARSHALL

Her voice is low and mellow, indicative of her sincerity. Her laugh is as joyous as a bell, her eyes are flashing and expressive! She is graced with a pleasing personality. Her modesty, honesty, and friendliness are so captivating that many admiring eyes are cast her way.

DIANE METCALF

Diane knows what she wants and with her hustle and bustle, and with her determination, she gets it. The little team formed by "Mansfield and Metcalf" will forevermore be bound by wit, humor, and intelligence! And you must have noticed Diane's dancing brown eyes after she receives her letter.

RUTH NELSON

We all like "Nelly," so tall and stately, so mild and merry, so generous and good. And then we admire and envy her flair for costume designing . . . with a zip and a slip, lo and behold, she has finished! And the rest of us haven't yet had time to fathom out "the pattern."

HELEN PARLETT

Poised is she—wears clothes with a dash—and her eyes have a certain undeniable sparkle. This Helen, so tall and slender, is the most sophisticated of our Helens. She is one of those people who can accomplish much with plenty of time for friends, dancing, and merriment.

LOIS PETERSON

Lois hurries here and there, sometimes to this or, perhaps, to that travel bureau—all because of her definite conscientious teaching interests. Her zest for uniforms made us wonder if "he" had one . . . but then we hear about "another" . . . can she be undecided about such things?

CECILIA ROBICHAUD

There'll be a ring on her finger,
Though no bells on her toes,
But she shall have music wherever she goes!

Oh, but to hear her sing "Ave Maria." "Cissy" is renowned as a soprano, for her scholastic record, operettas, choir rehearsals and . . . George!

STELLA RUBASZKO

A fiddle, an accordion, and a gentle determination! Can we ever forget how picturesque she was, in her Polish costume—red velvet jacket, crisp white dress, bands of color at the hem, a rose tucked in her hair! And how enlivening are the tunes her slim fingers draw from her violin strings!

IDA SAN ANTONIO

Ida is industrious and practical—not particularly quiet and not particularly talkative, she has been Miss Phillips' able "Man Friday," doing those various and sundry tasks faithfully, satisfactorily, and cheerfully. What an amiable and sympathetic friend she must have been while teaching her class of crippled children.

MARJORIE TIMMINS

Our "Timmie," so spritely and happy, cheers us all with her honest laugh and with her gay moods. She can appreciate dainty, "cute" things or the most aristocratic of arts. Her taste has been developed from a most cultural background, but "Timmie" is broadminded and her likes are many.

MARY VAN DUYNE

Neatness, dignity, and refinement. Mary is a friend of "us all." Her southern drawl or accent is always pleasantly detected. She aims to please, and one of her many admirable traits is to sympathize with our many difficulties, then offer soothing and helpful suggestions for the solution of our problems.

CHARLES ZABARSKY

Pencil back of ear, brief case swinging in his hand, "Charlie" goes after what he wants with sizeable strides and gets it as simply, vigorously, and effectively as that! "Charlie's" good dynamic work expresses his virile personality. He is determined, businesslike in action and in appearance.

LEVADA HADLEY

When Levada has had a fling with her beloved teaching, she plans to retire to the mountains, where she may enjoy camping, eating, reading, and the companionship of her dogs. What sturdy and good ideas she has! Her generosity is often echoed with these words, "You can take mine, if you'd like."

CONSTANCE LAMBERT

We often wondered why "Connie" was so pensive . . . the carved golden ring with its exquisite diamond on just the right finger is the answer. When her thoughts carry her aloft, she floats away in a dream. "Connie" is the one who shines forth in modeling—the light in her eyes shines farther!

JOSEPHINE RICARD

In "Jo" a true friend is found. Her kindliness is a joy. Beneath her quietness there is plenty of fun and wit—what she says is worth while. She and "Kit" have missed Barbara this year, and along with her we have missed those current cartoons and sayings—any more, "Jo"?

IN THE FOLLOWING pages we are reproducing a body of student work which was not created expressly for the yearbook. It is, we think, a worthy harvest of the best class problems of the current year. Here in an unclassified and generous profusion are the oil paintings and the water colors and lithographs, the design work and the sculpture, the etchings and block-prints, that we have chosen from about the school from all classes and from many artists as work which we thought that you would like most to have always to look at, taking into our consideration the whispers that we heard of popular opinion and gratifying, we hope, all your unspoken wishes. Its only qualification was that it should be beautiful or interesting, and we think that it has passed this test.

Beatrice Holmes

Yvonne Neal

Mary Kittredge

Mary Kittredge

Louise Shattuck

Harriet Ross

Harold Thresher

Americo Di Franza

Louisa Thompson

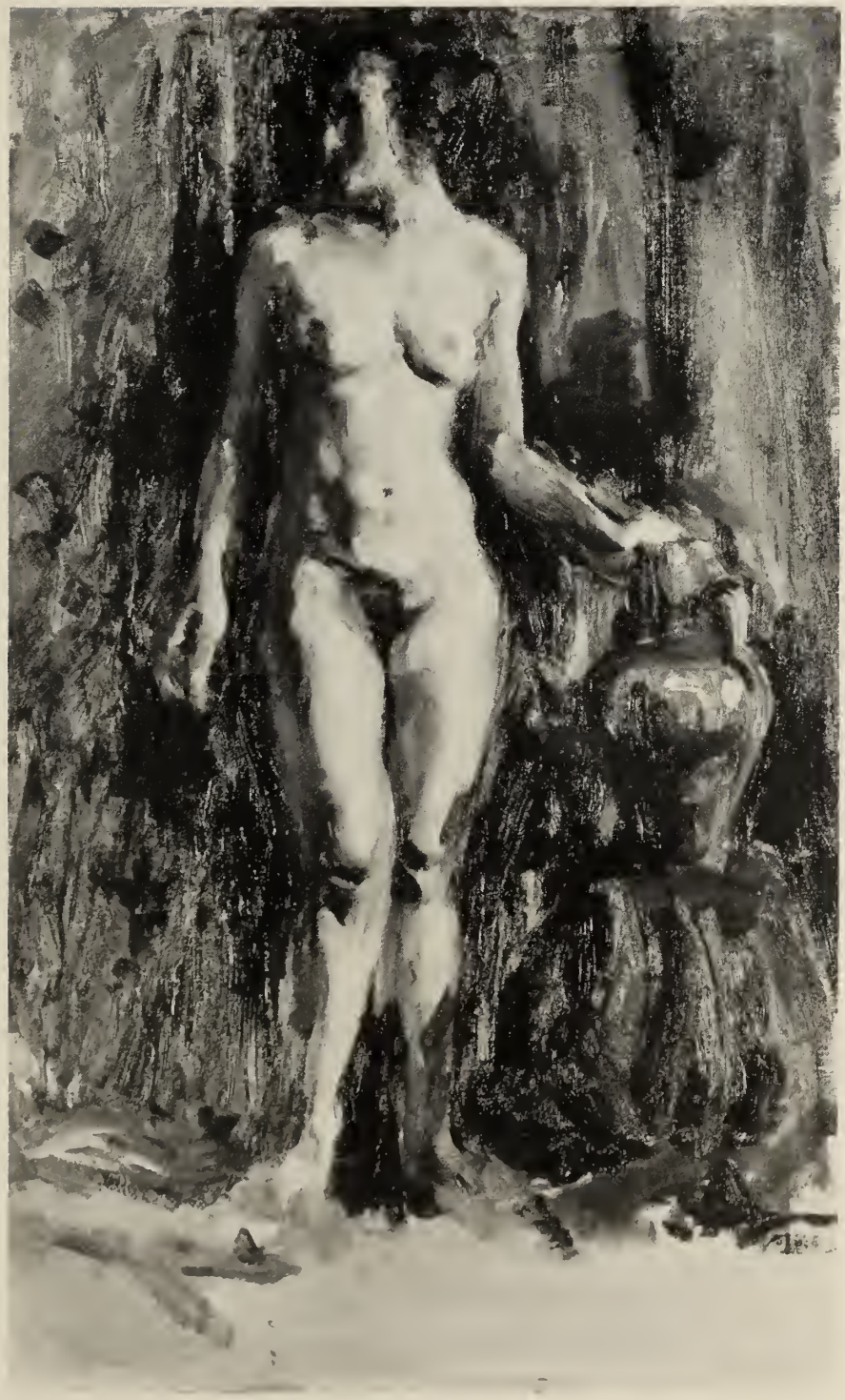
Muriel Saipe

Barbara Burditt

Jean Youngs

Libby Rose

Esther Wallin



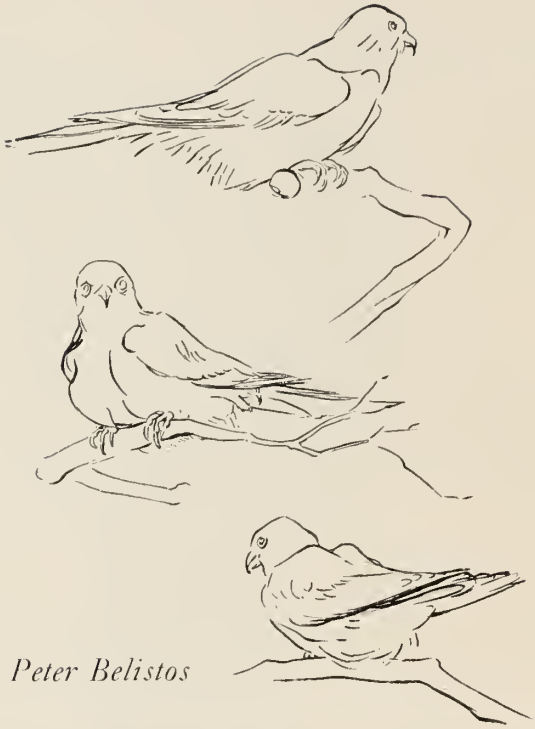
Beatrice Holmes

Joseph Gallo

Arthur Seller

Hope Rietschlin

Ruth Martin



Peter Belistos

Audrey Bradbury

Cecelia Robichaud

Robert Hale

Robert Wild

The Library

APPROPRIATELY SOMBER is the atmosphere as we climb the last weary flight of dimly lighted stairs and cross the dark cabined hallway to the library door. But, strangely enough, once inside the sanctuary of learning, the gloomy somberness gives way to an exhilarating feeling of light. Filtered rays of sunlight make playful patterns as they dance on the long oaken tables and the more or less studious readers. In the center of it all flash the gracious smiles of the

lady behind the desk. Books, like people, usually lose their individual personalities in a crowd, but on the shelves of our library they seem to be enveloped in warmth and informality.

The cheerfulness and lack of concentration that meet the eye do not do justice to the seriousness harbored within. True, some drop in to thumb idly the pages of magazines, some to seek refuge from unprepared-for classes, and other practical minded students merely to get car-check slips. Most of the scholars, however, are here to take advantage of the wealth of treasures at their disposal. Across the tables many germs of thought develop from vague impressions on the inward eye to tangible results.

Early in our careers we learn that inspiration is ninety per cent perspiration, or common sense and hard work after the glimpse of a brilliant idea with its generalities. To make this work easier, the library provides inexhaustible files and reference books, quite necessary for technical accuracy as well as for the enrichment of designs.

To the casual observer, some students who are reading or looking at pictures may appear to be leisurely browsing, but their work is none the less valuable. Pegasus springs forth only at the command of those who feed him well between flights. As the hand becomes dexterous with practice, so the imagination grows fertile through constant association with the ideas of others. Inspirations are, perhaps, nothing more than fleeting impressions of past moments recalled to mind. However valuable this process is in the time of acute need, it is also an enriching pleasure, and the knowledge will always be usable.

The library provides for us both an escape from, and an insight into, our present day. With so much social, political, and economic unrest surrounding us, we are indeed fortunate to find peace so near at hand. Up a few stairs, the troubles of the present pale into insignificance in the presence of the shining lights of the ages. But comfortable and valuable though it may be to steep ourselves in the traditions of the past—in the inspiring intellectual curiosity of the Florentines, the refined voluptuousness of the Venetians, or in the friendliness and healthy delight-in-living of the Flemings, that is a job half done. We cannot remain in our ivory towers. Whether we are to teach, or to create, we must be aware of the age in which we live. There is no better way of keeping abreast of the times without distorting per-

spective than by reading the periodicals in our library. The daily newspapers with bold headlines alarm us with events of a mere transitory nature, and influence us by petty propaganda. Here, however, with works of permanence around us, our sense of values remains balanced. The bookshelves stacked high with treasures furnish us with the needed protection, dignity without austerity, and an intellectual haven, rich with sentimental significance.

Too often we must leave this sanctum for more prosaic occupation below, before our spirit is willing, but the doing must necessarily accompany the thinking. Once more we pass through the door that divides the light from the dark, and, accustoming ourselves to the surprisingly dark hallway, make our exit, from a refreshing retreat, to the work of every day.

—Philip Krevoruck.

Gertrude Maxim, TREASURER
Natalie Phaneuf, VICE-PRESIDENT
Richard Shine, PRESIDENT
Virginia Barlow, SECRETARY

Freshman Class

September found us timidly approaching the Massachusetts School of Art, but the sanguine welcome of the upper classmen on Smock Day, when we were formally accepted as Freshmen, dispelled our fears. The building reechoed with the strains of the lively song dedicated by Mr. Marier to our class. (Even the instructors joined in the refrain!)

Yes, we were now really Freshmen in this school of our recent aspirations. Ever mindful of the fact that Mother Art had accepted her little Ducklings, we were soon taught to swim the Sea of Art. Our inferiority complex disappeared and in its place was an intense longing and desire to succeed. Our spirits soared; our step was light and joyous as we walked through the corridors with the Seniors.

With enthusiastic interest we elected the following class officers: President, Richard Shine; Vice-President, Natalie Phaneuf; Treasurer, Gertrude Maxim; Secretary, Virginia Barlow.

Slowly but surely that spirit rose! The eagerness to learn of the common things, and to create new ones, with deep appreciation in the realization that Mother Art had commanded enthusiastic attentiveness of all her little Ducklings. Yes, we were proud to be Freshmen.

Philip De Rosier, SECRETARY
Charles Kerins, PRESIDENT
Louis Dufault, TREASURER
Kathleen Burns, VICE-PRESIDENT

Sophomore Class

We chameleon-like Sophomores returned from vacation full of good fellowship, aspirations, and new discoveries in medium or technique that promised to revolutionize our painting.

About the first frost, however, most of our talents had folded their tents and silently slunk away, leaving us in a mood of grim determination. For a while, charcoal and brushes ground out with gristmill accuracy, but the moment the holiday season cast its first shadow, everyone rushed en masse for their block printing materials to hack away diligently at blocks and fingers.

The daily caroling, pageant, and spread had filled us with such holiday abandon that we really needed a vacation in which to burst.

From New Year's Day to the second term was a period of beehive activity. Once again the outdoor sketching exodus was in full swing. Our famous "Fen" was punctured with holes from sketching stools until it looked like a gopher prairie. With the warmer weather, our attendance became so small that our school finally closed its doors in desperation, hoping that autumn would once again herald our chirpings, and harness our latent talent.

Raymond Andrews, PRESIDENT
Philip Krevoruck, TREASURER
Maree Harkins, VICE-PRESIDENT
Ruth Torr, SECRETARY

The Junior Class

Being associated for three years with ideals which gradually manifest themselves in individual traits, we ultimately become the price tags of our own character; and it is with these colorful markings that this article deals. If you feel a slight tightening of the collar or vest, know that they are worthy of your reprimand, acknowledgment, reproach, flattery and note.

Tut, tut, Juniors, for

Not being able to answer the questions on most of the quiz programs.

Imagining drafting errors in a Renoir painting.

Relying on derogation to take the place of wit.

Quoting inaccurately from a book by saying vaguely, "I read somewhere," and then confessing that you have forgotten the title and author.

Treating the finishing of a perfectly good design carelessly, as though it really was not worthy of further effort.

Neglecting to start theses when they were assigned.

Affecting the "now-we-are-Juniors" attitude.

BUT—

Thanks so much, Juniors, for, having a few passionate convictions; you have advanced far enough to do justice to a few. These alone merit the approval of all who daily strive for the sincerity and interest that accompany artistic endeavor.

Finally realizing that there are colors other than blue in the designer's scope.

Accepting hand-me-down ideas, long in the school, for proven truths.

Listening to lectures with mingled feelings instead of frank boredom.

Not being taken in by hothouse eroticism of certain kinds of modern painting and literature.

A growing sophistication toward the esthetics.

Leaning away from Boston conservatism.

Not being easily influenced by people with standards different from your own.

A better understanding of technique.

The further development of that much-desired gray matter.

You've changed a lot of things this year besides the way you dress. You feel that you're well on towards the transition from teachers' to industries' clamor for your work, and that your design for success is really being moulded into maturity.

BARBARA BURDITT.

—"*for the further development of that much-desired gray matter*"

Leonard Sansone TREASURER — *Susan Richert* SECRETARY — *Marjorie Collins* PRESIDENT — *Peter Belitsos* VICE-PRESIDENT

Miss Whittier — *Mr. Porter*
FACULTY ADVISORS

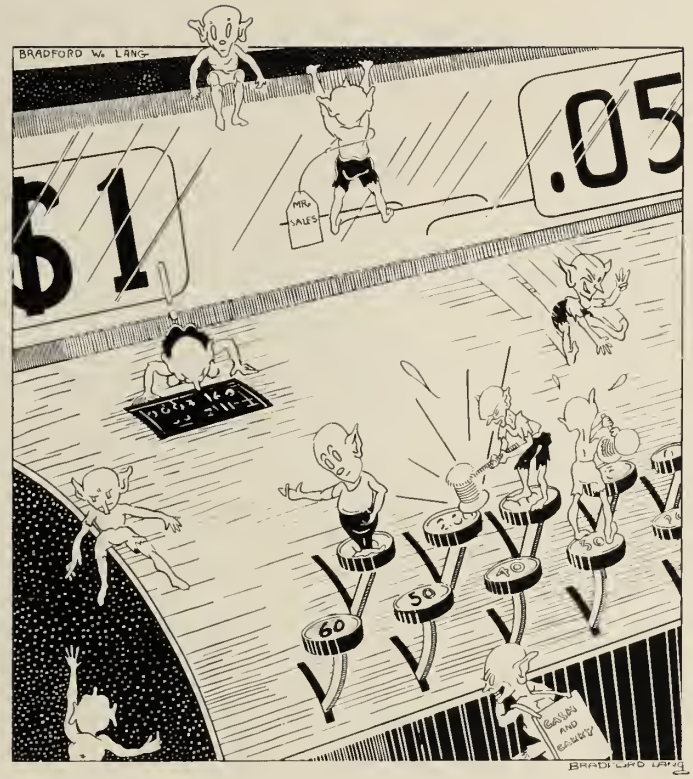
Student Association

Assuming progress to be the normal, desirable course of every successful organization, I might venture to say that our Student Association has taken a great "giant step" forward this year, that is, if a complete revision of a constitution is a reasonable indication of growth.

Our old time-worn constitution has closed its long term of service. Over a period of years it has gradually come to be ambiguous and inadequate to meet the growing needs of the organization. Now, after weeks of constitutional committee meetings, with the adoption of a new constitution and by-laws completed, there is very naturally a sense of relief, as well as a rather gratifying feeling that we are leaving to our successors the concentrated results of much thought and experience.

We have endeavored to simplify and enforce a sound and fair control over the finances of the Student Association, the yearly income supported by the students' membership fees and apportioned discriminatingly among the various extra-curricular activities.

It is our hope and desire that through the years the purposes of our organization—to represent and further the interests of the student body, to encourage self-government, and to promote responsibility, loyalty, school spirit, and co-operation between students and faculty—will continue to hold the same significance for its prospective members as we feel today.



Art School Associates, Inc.

The Students' Supply Store was incorporated as the Art School Associates, Inc., in 1935, and in the same year moved from what is now the Student Association office to its present location. The enlarged quarters enabled the store to do a greater volume of trade. The loyalty which the students at the Massachusetts School of Art have shown in purchasing their supplies at the school store has caused an increase each year in the volume of sales; so that it is now a considerable amount.

Of all the student activities, the school store is perhaps of the greatest value to the individual student in a pecuniary way. Through the co-operation of the faculty, the specific materials used by the students are stocked in the store and sold to the students at reduced retail prices. Every year nine scholarships, totaling over eleven hundred dollars, are distributed among the student body. The store also contributes to the graduation expenses of every senior.

The board of directors is drawn from the faculty of the school; the President of the Massachusetts School of Art serves as president of the board of directors. Also on the board is a student representative from each of the four classes.

The student body should be proud of the flourishing business it has created and continue to patronize themselves through the Art School Associates, Inc.

The Sketch Club

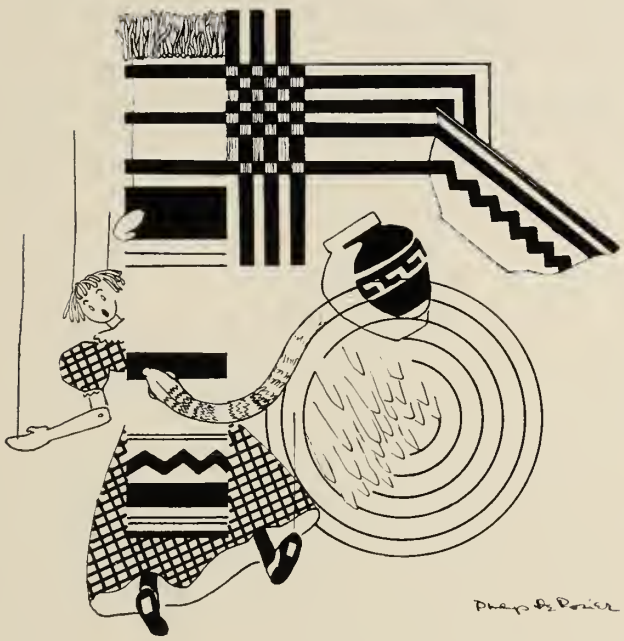
Out of the past emanate our future achievements; we sketch today in order to paint tomorrow with a fertile reserve of past experiences.

Through pleasant wanderings midst a transitory gallery of nature's intriguing subjects, we become acquainted with her ever-changing moods, and attempt to arrest each fleeting moment with sharp minds and nimble fingers.

These poignant memories and haunting scenes captured on paper and canvas comprise the material for the Sketch Club, which holds its regular meetings under the experienced direction of Mr. Philbrick, who expertly criticizes each "objet d'art" and makes constructive suggestions.

On the exhibition walls appear sketches as different in their appeal as are the artists themselves, for the aim of the club is to develop individuality both in subject and expression.

In future years we shall look back upon these informal gatherings with the realization that they have contributed greatly to whatever success we may have achieved.



Crafts Guild

Chips fly as chisel, gauge, and mallet shape the gumwood into plaques, book ends, and figurines. Here in the weaving room, amidst looms, spinning wheels, and puppet theatre, the Crafts Guild has its informal workshop. Those who enjoy the atmosphere drop in every Monday afternoon to work. This year, the principal attraction has been wood carving, but there is also a Puppet Guild group which is making its initial appearance in the spring.

The regular meetings, held on the first and third Monday of the month, are often favored with outside speakers. At the December meeting, Mrs. Estralda of Guatemala gave a delightful talk on the quaint Christmas customs of that country, and Miss Alice Jackson, our guest speaker for February, talked on Swedish bobbin lace. At the March meeting, Mr. Arena displayed his batiks and tie dyeing on velvet and silk. His beautiful designs are often correlated with music, in which he is most interested.

Master craftsmen of the guild are justly proud of their exhibit in the M. S. A. Alumni Bazaar. Gayly colored belts and exquisite book bindings aroused much comment.

The Crafts Guild, now a lusty three-year-old, is meeting a growing need for creative expression by fostering an interest in the crafts.

Orchestra

The door opens. A student who has lingered long after class slips quietly into a chair in the balcony of the auditorium, already invaded by darkness except for shielded lights illuminating white sheets of music and the profiles of seated figures.

Voices echo, now loud, apparently in lively discussion of the technicalities of the opus to be played. In a moment all is tense and still; attention is centered on Mr. Marier as he waves his baton to set the tempo.

Certainly the strain that emanates from the small group of instruments in the "pit" below is hardly comparable to that of a symphony orchestra. They do not pretend the polish or the virtuosity of the accomplished musician. The audience is cognizant of this fact and has heartily accepted the "petit orchestre."

This is the setting of weekly afternoon rehearsals when a little group of enthusiastic instrumentalists unite to rend the solemn stillness with sometimes excruciating discords and then again to soothe with sweet and truly pleasing tones.

The intruder rises from his seat in the balcony, tiptoes quietly through a nearby exit, and then saunters whistling down a darkened corridor as musical reverberations from the sanctum within attest to the assiduousness of the school orchestra.

Glee Club

The Glee Club, one of the most active organizations of our school, has spent many profitable afternoons preparing musical selections for the enjoyment of the student body. Under the direction of Mr. Theodore Marier, successful programs have been presented by the club at several different intervals during the year.

A field of scarlet poppies was flashed upon the mind's eye by the ever beautiful selection, "In Flanders Fields," sung during the Armistice Day program; and the true musical dignity of the Hallelujah chorus from Handel's "Messiah" lent an extra aura of brilliance to our Christmas pageant.

Stepping aside from previous custom, Mr. Marier has organized two separate choral groups, thus offering opportunity for a more varied presentation of selec-

tions. The true debut of this rearranged group came in the spring when a special assembly was given over to the club. Several student soloists were featured, and together, with Mr. Marier's excellent accompaniment, the two sections carried out an interesting and well-planned program.

It is fortunate indeed that we, as students of art, have the opportunity of enjoying the close relationship between music and the more tangible canvas. May this pleasure be fostered in future classes, and with even more enthusiasm than is now registered!

Music Appreciation Club

"Music is to the other arts, considered as a whole, what religion is to the church."

We desired more. And so the music club, one of the largest groups in the school, is a new, fresh, spontaneous group which has won wide acceptance.

It presents the opportunity of hearing splendid recordings of classic, romantic, impressionistic, and modern music; of enlarging our musical horizon; of enriching our art; and of receiving abiding inspiration in all our work. Music is very closely allied with painting and has been the inspiration of some of the finest paintings.

The club is a great stimulus to the socialization of the school. Many afternoons the hall is filled with students sitting utterly quiet, listening to a Tschaikowsky symphony, a Bach suite, Mozart concerto, or to illustrious soloists such as Kirsten Flagstad, Marion Anderson, and Fritz Kreisler. We delight in Beethoven's supreme ability to vary a theme—a delicate theme growing in all directions until it has strength enough to lift the world. Our library has included a range of selections from Bach to Ferdie Groffé in its effort to satisfy everyone's taste.

We hope to organize a Massachusetts School of Art Pops Night and to do much in developing musical consciousness in our school. Come listen to the rich effects of tone in Ravel's La Valse, come to this realm of pure delight; for from the sheerest, most fine-spun tones, from the most tenuous of gossamer textures, to effects of breadth and depth, the music floods the assembly hall for you.

Iris Federico

The Camera Club

Since the beginning of this century, when Alfred Stieglitz was in his glory, photography has been accepted as a form of Art. There are scheduled exhibitions now, all over the country, where artistic photographs or salon prints are hung. As in other Graphic Art exhibits, these prints are priced, bought and sold, and awarded prizes.

Photography is a form of art, but let us not try to compare it with the greater arts of painting or sculpture. Although it is something quite apart from them, nevertheless it possesses many of the same qualities and principles; the center of interest, the form, the light and shade, the mood (which can be made very important), and the ideas on composition must be considered.

Aside from the artistic qualities of photography, we amateurs find satisfaction in being able to say, if only to ourselves, "I did it all myself. Yes, I saw the possibility of a picture, and caught it; I mixed the chemicals, developed the film, made the enlargement, and here it is, all mine."

In spite of this very mechanical medium, photography is creative; hence it is akin to the Arts.

The Magic Club

Primitive man was surrounded by forces whose workings he feared. With his lack of scientific explanation he had but one recourse, magic. Throughout the development of civilization, the rituals of magic have been closely interwoven with all peoples and all religions: the voodoo magic of primitive Africa, the magic symbolism of ancient Egypt, and the intricate codes of Babylonian mysticism. In Roman culture no act of importance was performed without appropriate magical incantations. Not until the Christian Era did magic shift from the affairs of state to the hidden corners of cities where the black arts and astrology, the germs of modern science, were practiced.

Though no longer feared, magic, still surviving, replaces dead incantations with the abracadabra of the sleight-of-hand wizard who confounds the skeptics in the field of entertainment. An activity which is as closely allied to the growth of mankind as painting and sculpture could have no better setting in modern times than an art institute. It is, therefore, with a feeling of pride that our school still fosters its mysticism and vibrates on Thursday nights with echoes of the past as the devotees of the Magic Club meet to perpetuate its secrets.

Ella Coburn, Editor *Percy Van Dyke*, Assistant Editor *Harold Thresher*
Susan Richert *Beatrice Holmes* *Ruth Torr* *Leonard Sansone* *Ann Weisman*
Donald Spitzer *Constance Tocher* *Mr. Palmstrom*

Norma St. Hilaire *Nathalie Ashton* *Frances Vrachos* *Louise Shattuck*
Alice MacDonald *Barbara Stark* *Barbara Kirkpatrick* *Robert Hale*
Herbert Hoffman *Bradford Lang*

The Yearbook

Once again the yearbook committee has attempted a "scene about school," and sent this minute panorama on its usual harried trip from press to student to bookshelf.

Rather infrequently it may be taken down, blown off, reviewed for its power of reminiscence, and perhaps even knowingly smiled at for its youthful volubility. But good, bad or indifferent, its true success depends ultimately upon its measure of personal satisfaction. For every student, whether Senior or Freshman, realizes that the innumerable moods and truly specialized atmospheres attuned to this, our esthetic abode, are often highly individualized. If only a very few of these spells are woven into the material of this book, by means of a friendly saying or a crisp pageful of student work, then we, the editors, are hopeful that our list of assets, short as it may seem, will rather be remembered than applauded.

When years will have blended today's interests into a perspective background, when our present peaks will have humbled themselves to more softly golden ideals, take down your '39 Annual from its boastful perch near a textbook on pen techniques, or an art history, and recall once more familiar faces, pert paragraphs, and the instructors of so many once-impossible tasks.

Acknowledgments

The Editorial Staff extends its appreciation to all in whose credit the yearbook merited some time in the company with that shy creature "extra endeavor."

To our advisor Mr. Palmstrom, we have an especial feeling of gratitude for his patience, encouragement, and limitless helpful advice; and Miss McDermott, whose consideration in our literary shortcomings was ever of the kindest quality.

To those students too numerous to mention, who gave willingly of their time and ability that a better quality of artistic and literary material might be found herein.

To "Lennie," "Bea," and Susan, a deep appreciation for their work on the layout, and its many ensuing details.

To Libby Rose, Yvonne Neal, Esther Wallin, and Charles Zabarsky for their individualized title pages.

To Victor Sindoni for his perfect blocks.

To Harold Thresher for his illustrations for the Library article, and Hope Rietschlin for the title page design.

To Jerry Yavarow for his print of our school of "future memories."

And to the Perham Studio for their cooperation in supplying the group pictures, as well as the glossies of our "Leonardos-to-be."

AND SO WE have come to the end of the book. This is our final chance to say it, to speak at this last minute some word, some great truth, that will redeem our feebleness. We want to say, "But we were not like that." For as we look back over these completed pages our emotion is like a wail, that it was all better than this. The people were richer and warmer. The hive buzzed more busily and loudly and more purposefully. Vaster schemes were here conceived; plans more wonderful and more ridiculous died here and were never guessed. People strove toward who knew what shining private goals, by these, our common pathways. Even our friends worked toward ends that we knew nothing of and by beckonings we never caught a glimpse of. Now we have written this book about our classes and our clubs, our faculty and ourselves, and you have read it. Now it contains as much of us as it will ever hold. To whatever degree there has been something of ourselves among its pages, in some quickening phrase, or a felicitous photograph, to that degree it has achieved its purpose. For it will keep the years between its covers green forever and the people ever young and blest. This is one moment that will be ours forever as truthful as the labor of its authors and the inspiration of its artists, imperishable as ink and paper, to which we say goodby as often as we close this book and which will always be as fresh as ever when we open it again.

CECIL PREST